

R E V I E W.

Saturday, November 29. 1712.

I Have in one *Review* lately, taken the Liberty to mention that so exploded rejected Thing, call'd Peace among ourselves; I confess I see no room to expect good Usage among you, when I touch so Ungrateful a Subject, but I look for all Sides to fall upon me, as upon one prompting them to what they are all resolv'd against.

I look upon the present Feuds and Outragious Party-Quarrelling, which we are all Embark'd in, to be the worst War we could ever Engage in; and I think it was never so lively Represented, as by the late wretched unhappy Duel, between the Lord *M——n*, and Duke *H——n*, wherein both Enrag'd, and desperately bent to Ruin and Destroy one another; both draw their Swords in an unjust, needless, and Dishonourable Quarrel, and both die in the Engagement; I call the Quarrel Unjust and Dishonourable, not as to the Cause of Quarrel, which I have nothing to do with, but as to the Manner by Duelling, which I undertake to be Unjust and Dishonourable, because Illegal and Unchristian.

I have nothing to do with the Duel, or with the Persons, nor is this written to reflect on either of their Memories; those who are left to do Justice, are, it seems, fled from Justice, and mighty Clamour fills our Mouths at the Dead, a Thing that is none of my Custom; if I would say any Thing in it, it should be to adore the Justice of God, who retaliates the Blood of former Days in a most conspicuous manner, when others have forgotten it, and shews Great Men, how high soever they are, or how much soever they may seem to be above the reach of Human Justice, they are not too great for Divine Justice.

Nor shall I make this a National-Affair; I abhor the embarking such a Quarrel as this, with our Parties: Murderers (for such Duellers are) ought to be accepted or own'd by no Party; if Duelling be a willful premeditated Murder in the Sight of God, as I believe it is, the two unhappy Persons have fallen a Righteous Sacrifice to Divine Justice, both for what was past, and for the present also.

Neither is it a Question that deserves, or that will bear any Debate at the Enlighten'd Tribunal of God, who, or which of them, sent or receiv'd the

Challenge, but they will both respectively appear Convicted Murderers at that Bar, having each gone out with a premeditated Design, Unlawfully to hazard his own Life, and Unlawfully to kill his Enemy, both of which is Murder.

Nothing of Purity reaches there; Provocation, Point of Honour. Heat of Blood, and all the Pretences which Fools form, to cover themselves with, will Argue nothing then; he that needlessly or unjustly puts his own Life in hazard, is a Murderer as much as he that takes his Life away; he that foolishly and wickedly exposes his Life, is a Self-Murderer, as much as he that hangs himself, or cuts his own Throat; and in this Sense, every Dueller is a Murderer, nay, every Duel is a Murder, whether any one is kill'd there or no.

But let the Miserable rest in their Graves, why should the Age be Duelling every Day, about who was kill'd fairly, and who not, or who fought bravest and who not? They either of them wanted Grace more than Courage, and the fear of God, as much as the fear of one another; both Desperate in this Quarrel, both Furious, both Mad, both Dead; they are past Pity now, and the Action no Christian Rules can Justifie, let the Memory of it be bury'd with them.

Had one of these Persons, remember'd the good Advice, the Lord High Steward for the Day gave him, after he was try'd by his Peers, for the Death of an innocent most inoffensive Gentleman to this purpose, — *Viz. That He should be wary how he dip'd his hand rashly in Blood, for that there was another Tribunal, where he must be try'd after another manner, &c.* and had he remember'd the modest Answer he gave there, He would have well considered before he had courted his own Destruction, as he has now done.

I cannot but observe also, what some Publick Papers pretend about his Grace Duke *H——n*, *viz.* That he spent all the Night before the Action in his Closet, retired pensive; and says another Author, in his Devotion. I have nothing to say to the Fact in this, for I do not believe it to be true: But for the sake of the surviving part of Mankind, let us speak to

to this ridiculous News-monger a little ; pray, Sir, what Devotion could you rationally suppose the Duke to be passing the time in ? I cannot but think His Grace was a better Christian, at least I am sure he knew better, than to be praying to God for Success upon what he was going about ; let all the Men in England but tell me, what could the Duke say, could any thing of a Christian, bring him in saying thus, with his Eyes up to Heaven ? *Lord thou knowest I will affront thy Justice to morrow, by taking my Cause into my own Hand, and executing that Vengeance which thou hast forbid me, and reserved to thy self : LORD give me thy Blessing to this wicked and wilful Action, and grant me Success that I may kill my Enemy, and become a Murderer of my Neighbour, &c.* If he could not say this, let any one tell me what he could pray, can they think he would say thus ? *Lord I am going to commit a most grievous Wickedness, and I am resolved to do it in spite of its being abhorred and forbidden by thee : But I WILL do it ; however, I desire thou wilt pardon the Sin, and assist me to increase it, by my Murdering my Adversary.* This must be the Devotion, the wretched Devotion of such a retreat, and for that reason I will not so far affront the Memory of Duke *H—n*, to say he employ'd that Time in Devotion, if I might guess at the perturbation of Thoughts, which took up those few, or such unhappy Hours ; I say, if I may guess at them by my own unhappy Experience, and may appeal to others who know what it is, I am of the Opinion, such times are taken up, in the rolling of the Passions, the boiling of the Blood, the furious agitation of the Animal Spirits, moved by the violence of the Provocation ; if Conscience presumes to give a pinch in the Dark, or put in a Word, the inflamed Organ answers, come what will, I cannot go back, I cannot live ; I had better be run a thousand times through the Body, I can dye but once ; but to bear this, is to be stabb'd every Day, to be insulted at the Corner of every Street, be Pelted, Caned, and the Devil ; I cannot bear it, I cannot help it—If the Mind retreats a little, and looks in thro' a very very little bit — It occurs thus : You are mad, you give up your Reason, you are a Murderer if you fall in the Action, you are a lost Man for ever—You know it is not a Lawful Action ; all this is stop't thus, what ! can I bear to be called COWARD ! had I not better be out of the World ! I cannot go off, I must do it, All is at Stake, I must, I cannot go from it, Dye or be Damn'd, or any

thing is all one, I must do it, and so in the end away he goes to be undone, goes to lay in for Repentance, goes to put himself past tance, goes to take away his Neighbours Life lay at Stake his own, and sometimes as in this to lose both.

Those People who would send the late Duke his Closet to Prayers, to prepare for his next Work, I believe know little what fighting is, or what Temper the Mind is in when an Appointment is upon their Hands ; I rather than his Grace was fighting with my Lord M—— Night, many a silent Pass was made that Night Imagination ; I doubt not, not that I believe Duke was weak enough to act by himself Postures or Motions of Fighting ; but I believe was impossible to suppose, That a Mind with such Views and such Resolutions as he thought could refrain from fixing the Ideas of the Affair self in its Thoughts.

But to talk of Devotion, let that Jest be I can take upon me to say, God hears no such I nor can any Man who is in his right Senies, Face to look up to his Maker in such a Case was.

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